

Dies Irae, Immolated

Effigy of the impious
Encroach upon my mind
Desolation
Blood- stained altars
Seven temples
And the seventh is for you
Hinnom, Tophet
Imminent annihilation
Children and slaves
No one will be spared
Cleansing fire
Glowing hands of horrid god
Strips your flesh
Rips apart your soul
You pray for death
As for mercifulness
Screams of agonizing
Cries of pain
Muffled
By sounds of thoph
Prophets appeasing demons
Cutting their bodies
Immolated for Baal-Hammon